WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1918

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How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward or any case of Catarrh that cannot be seed by Hall's Catarrh Medicine, Hall's Catarrh Medicine has been taken y catarrh sufferers for the past thirty-ve years, and has become known as the sest reliable remedy for Catarrh. Hall's atarrh Medicine acts thru the Bleed on the Mucous surfaces, expelling the Point from the Blood and healing the diseased portions.

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Connell's Drug Store; Wortley &

FOOD FLASHLIGHTS

The 1918-19 Food Program is both National and a Personal Obligation. The Nation has never failed to meet all obligations and the individual must

than ours, for the Allied peoples are denying themselves more in order to

IN A NUT SHELL

\$ 2.50 monthly payment for about 139 months will amount to \$ 500.00

\$ 5.00 monthly payment for about 139 months

Start your Savings Account now.

BELDING BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION



Thanksgiving

This year should be the greatest in history.

A visit to our store will help you to decide in the dressing of the table and preparing of the meal.

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Yellow Front

"We Never Sleep"



What the Ford is among motor cars, the Ford truck is among motor trucks -- far ahead of all others in practical saving service. The Ford

Truck

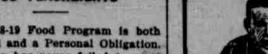
in the

truck embodies those Best desirable Ford merits, simplicity and strength with assured economy in operation and maintenance. No business too large ner so small

Market that a Ford truck wont prove a money-making utility to it. Its value is universal in business, in city, town, village and on the farm, and the price only \$550, without body, f. o. b. Detroit. The demand is big. place order without delay.

WISE & COBB

Belding, Michigan.



We cannot administer the food roblem on the basis of the present ood shortage. We must prepare for long continuance of this shortage.

At best the Allied table will be less transport soldiers.



"I have gotten you into a position from

which it is impossible for me to extri-

After getting Tommy into a mess on

the western front he is generally told

that he is "on his own." This means,

"Save your skin in any way possible."

Tommy loves to be "on his own" behind

the lines, but not during a trench raid.

lines were falling in front of us, there-

fore we were safe. After about twen-

ty minutes we entered the star shell

lines fell about five yards in the rear

and to the right of me; we hugged the

the ground, cursing the offender under

generally ensues when the Germans

five yards; no doubt the officer be-

lieved what Old Pepper had said, "Per-

a loud noise in Berlin.

less that we sang patriotic songs or

During the intervals of falling star shells we carried on with our wire cut-ting until at last we succeeded in get-ting through the German barbed wire.

At this point we were only ten feet

from the German trenches. If we were

from the German trenches. If we were discovered, we were like rats in a trap. Our way was cut off unless we ran along the wire to the narrow lane we had cut through. With our hearts in our mouths we waited for the three-tap signal to rush the German trench. Three taps had gotten about halfway down the line when addenic about ten

made any unnecessary noise.

The star shells from the German

cate you, so you are on your own."

AN AMERICAN SOLDIER WHO WENT

MACHINE GUNNER, SERVING IN FRANCE-

ARTHUR GUY EMPLY

to twenty German star sneas were meant that we were to crawl forward fired all along the trench and landed slowly-and believe me, very slowlyin the barbed wire in rear of us, turnfor five yards, and then halt to await ing night into day and silhouetting us against the wall of light made by the further instructions. Three taps meant, when you arrived within striking disflares. In the glaring light we were tance of the German trench, rush it confronted by the following unpleasant and inflict as many casualties as possible, secure a couple of prisoners, and All along the German trench, at then back to your own lines with the speed clutch open. Four taps meant,

about three-foot intervals, stood a big Prussian guardsman with his rifle at the aim, and then we found out why we had not been challenged when the man sneezed and the barbed wire had been improperly cut. About three feet in front of the trench they had constructed a single fence of barbed wire and we knew our chances were one thousand to one of returning alive. We could not rush their trench on account of this second defense. Then in front of me the challenge, "Halt," given in English rang out, and one of the finest things I have ever heard on the western front took place.

zone. A star shell from the German From the middle of our line som Tommy answered the challenge with, ground and held our breath until it "Aw, go to h-l." It must have been burned out. The smoke from the star the man who had sneezed or who had shell traveled along the ground and improperly cut the barbed wire; he crossed over the middle of our line. wanted to show Fritz that he could Some Tommy sneezed. The smoke had die game. Then came the volley. Magotten up his nose. We crouched on chine guns were turned loose and several bombs were thrown in our rear. our breath, and waited the volley that The Boche in front of me was looking down his sight. This fellow might have heard a noise in No Man's Land, have, under ordinary circumstances, Nothing happened. We received two been handsome, but when I viewed him taps and crawled forward slowly for from the front of his rifle he had the goblins of childhood imagination relegated to the shade.

sonally I believe that that part of the German trench is unoccupied." By be-Then came a flash in front of me, the flare of his rifle—and my head seemed ing careful and remaining motionless to burst. A bullet had hit me on the when the star shells fell behind us, we left side of my face about half an reached the German barbed wire without mishap. Then the fun began. I inch from my eye, smashing the cheek was scared stiff as it is ticklish work bones. I put my hand to my face and fell forward, biting the ground and cutting your way through wire when kicking my feet. I thought I was dyabout thirty feet in front of you there ing, but, do you know, my past life did is a line of Boches looking out into No Man's Land with their rifles lying not unfold before me the way it does across the parapet, straining every in novels.

sense to see or hear what is going on | The blood was streaming down my in No Man's Land; because at night, tunic, and the pain was awful. When his name and number on it will come hurtling through the air aimed in the you'd better get back there as quickly

direction of Berlin. The man on the as possible. The bullets were cracking overhead. right, one man in the center and my-I crawled a few feet back to the Gerself on the extreme left were equipped man barbed wire, and in a stooping powith wire cutters. These are insulated with soft rubber not because the Ger- sition, guiding myself by the wire, I went down the line looking for the man wires are charged with electricity, lane we had cut through. Before but to prevent the cutters rubbing reaching this lane I came to a limp against the barbed wire stakes, which are of iron, and making a noise form which seemed like a bag of oats which may warn the inmates of the hanging over the wire. In the dim light I could see that its hands were trench that someone is getting fresh blackened, and knew it was the body in their front yard. There is only one way to cut a barbed wire without noise of one of my mates. I put my hand and through costly experience Tommy on his head, the top of which had been has become an expert in doing this. blown off by a bomb. My fingers sank into the hole. I pulled my hand back You must grasp the wire about two inches from the stake in your right full of blood and brains, then I went hand and cut between the stake and crazy with fear and horror and rushed lane. I had just turned down this lane when something inside of me seemed loud twang will ring out on the night to say, "Look around." I did so; a bulair like the snapping of a banjo string. Perhaps this noise can be let caught me on the left shoulder. It heard only for fifty or seventy-five did not hurt much, just felt as if someyards, but in Tommy's mind it makes one had punched me in the back, and then my left side went numb. My arm was dangling like a rag. I fell forward We had cut a lane about halfway in a sitting position. But all the fear through the wire when, down the center of our line, twang! went an imrage and cursed the German trenches. properly cut wire. We crouched down, With my right hand I felt in my tunic for my first-aid or shell dressing. In over, our knees lacerated from the strands of the cut barbed wire on the feeling over my tunic my hand came ground, waiting for a challenge and in contact with one of the bombs which the inevitable volley of rifle fire. Noth- I carried. Gripping it, I pulled the pin out with my teeth and blindly threw it ing happened. I suppose the fellow towards the German trench. I must who cut the barbed wire improperly was the one who had sneezed about have been out of my head, because I half an hour previously. What we wished him would never make his new year a happy one.

The officer, in my opinion, at the noise of the wire should have given the like to the trench I would have been blown to bits by the explosion of my own bomb.

The officer, in my opinion, at the noise of the wire should have given the By the flare of the explosion of the four-tap signal, which meant, "On your own, get back to your trenches as quickly as possible," but again he must have relied on the spiel that Old Pepper had given us in the dugout, "Personally I believe that that part of the willed and fell forward across the sandhagan then blackward across the bomb, which luckily landed in their trench, I saw one big Boche throw up his arms and fall backwards, while his German trench is unoccupied." Any-way, we got careless, but not so caresandbags-then blackness.

Realizing what a foolhardy and risky thing I had done, I was again seized with a horrible fear. I dragged myself to my feet and ran madly down the lane through the barbed wire, stumbling over cut wires, tearing my uniform, and lacerating my hands and legs. Just as I was about to reach No Man's Land again, that same voice seemed to say, "Turn around." I did so, when, "crack," another bullet caught me, this time in the left shoul-der about one-half inch away from the other wound. Then it was tape for me.

The lights went out. When I came to I was crouching is

it brought my head a few inches below the level of the ground. How I reached this hole I will never know. German "typewriters" were traversing back and forth in No Man's Land, the bullets biting the edge of my shell hole and throwing dirt all over me.

Overhead shrapnel was bursting. I could hear the fragments slap the ground. Then I went out once more. When I came to everything was stlence and darkness in No Man's Land. I was soaked with blood and a big flap from the wound in my cheek was hanging over my mouth. The blood running from this flap choked me. Out of the corner of my mouth I would try and blow it back, but it would not move. I reached for my shell dressing and tried, with one hand, to bandage my face to prevent the flow. I had an awful horror of bleeding to death

Old Hubbardstom Again.

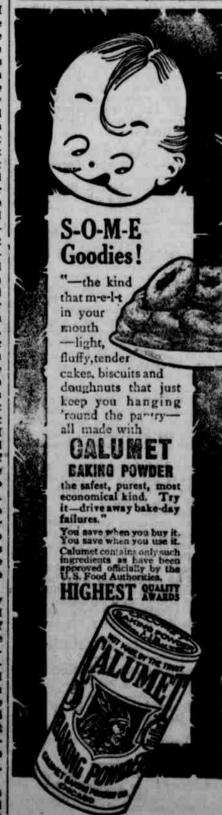
Whenever the nation needs money for any reason whatever, whether it be for the carrying on of the war or the carrying on of the war service agencies are carrying on, they always manage to let Hubbardston have word of it and then Rev. Fr. John M. Doyle lets the good people of the vicinity know about it and the result is that Hubbardston usually raises enough money in the first 15 minutes after the first announcement is made so that the success of the drive is assurred. On the occasion of the last effort, the raising of the mency for the United War Work campaign. Fr. Doyle, manager of the drive, reported that his town went over the top early in the acmpaign with a subscription of more than \$2,000. In fact, this sum was raised within 24 hours after the drive started.



Receiving First Aid.

and was getting very faint. You would have laughed if you had seen my ludicrous attempts at bandaging with one hand. The pains in my wounded shoulder were awful and I was getting sick at the stomach. I gave up the bandaging stunt as a bad job, and then

When I came to, hell was let loose. An intense bombardment was on, and on the whole my position was decidedly unpleasant. Then, suddenly, our barrage ceased. The silence almost hurt, but not for long, because Fritz turned loose with shrapnel, machine guns, and rifle fire. Then all along our line came a cheer and our boys came over the top in a charge. The first wave was composed of "Jocks." They were a magnificent sight, kilts, flapping their bayonets glistening. In the first wave that passed my shell hole, one of the "Jocks," an immense fellow, about (Continued Next Week)



However, some people celebrated the victory so persistently that they were never at hom when the war work drive solicitor called.

Although scientists claim there has been no appreciable change in the climate of Europe in 1800 years, the Germans say it is growing hotter.

Thanksgiving at Empress—Julian Eltinge in "The Clever Mrs. Carfax."

Influenza? La Grippe?

Foley's Honey and Tar is just what every sufferer of influenza or la grippe needs now. It covers the rough inflamed throat with a soothing healing coating, clears away the mucus, stops the tickling and coughing, eases the tightness and bronchial wheezing. Day and night keep

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